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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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I HAVE ſo tender a regard for my fair country-women, that I moſt heartily congratulate them upon the approaching meeting of the parliament, which I conſider (and I believe they do ſo too) as the general goal delivery of the ſeveral counties of the united kingdom.

THAT beautiful part of our ſpecies once engroſſed my cares; they ſtill ſhare them: I have been exceedingly affected all the ſummer with the thoughts of their captivity, and have felt a ſympathetic grief for them.

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In truth, what can be more moving, than to imagine a fine woman of the higheſt rank and faſhion torn from all the elegant and refined pleaſures of the metropolis; hurried by a mercileſs huſband into country captivity, and there expoſed to the incurſions of the neighbouring knights, ſquires and parſons, their wives, ſons, daughters, dogs and horſes? The metropolis was at once the ſeat of her empire, and the theatre of her joys. Exiled from thence, how great the fall! how dreadful the priſon! Methinks I ſee her ſitting in her dreſſing-room at the manſion ſeat, ſublimely ſullen, like a dethroned eaſtern monarch; ſome few books, ſcattered up and down, ſeem to imply that ſhe finds no conſolation in any. The unopened knotting-bag ſpeaks her painful leiſure. Inſenſible to the proffered endearments of her tender infants, they are ſent away for being ſo *abominably noiſy*. Her dreſs is even neglected, and her complexion laid by. I am not aſhamed to own my weakneſs, if it be one, for I confeſs that this image ſtruck me ſo ſtrongly, and dwelt upon my mind ſo long, that it drew tears from my eyes.

The prorogation of the parliament laſt ſpring was the fatal forerunner of this ſummer captivity. I was well aware of it, and had ſome thoughts of preparing a ſhort treatiſe of conſolation, which I would have preſented to my fair country-women, in two or three weekly papers, to have accompanied them in their exile: but I muſt own that I found the attempt greatly above my ſtrength; and inadequate conſolation only redoubles the grief, by reviving in the mind the cauſe of it. Thus at a loſs, I ſearched (as every modeſt modern ſhould do) the ancients, in order to ſay in Engliſh, whatever they had ſaid in Latin or Greek upon the like occaſion; but far

far from finding any caſe in point, I could not find one in any degree like it. I particularly conſulted Cicero, upon that exile which he bore ſo very indifferently himſelf; but to my great ſurpriſe, could not meet with one ſingle word of conſolation, addreſſed or adapted to the fair and tender part of his ſpecies. To ſay the truth, that philoſopher ſeems to have had either a contempt for, or an averſion to the fair ſex; for it is very obſervable, that even in his eſſay upon old age, there is not one ſingle period addreſſed directly and excluſively to them; whereas I humbly preſume that an old woman wants at leaſt as much, if not more comfort, than an old man. Far be it from me to offer them that refined ſtoical argument to prove that exile can be no misfortune, becauſe the exiled perſons can always carry their *virtue* along with them, if they pleaſe.

HOWEVER, though I could adminiſter no adequate comfort to my fair fellow ſubjects under their country captivity, my tender concern for them prompts me to offer them ſome advice upon their approaching liberty.

As there muſt have been during this ſuſpenſion (I will not ſay only of pleaſure, but, in a manner, of exiſtence) a conſiderable ſaving in the article of pin-money, I earneſtly recommend to them, immediately upon their coming to town, to apply that ſinking fund to the diſcharge of debts already incurred, and not divert it to the current ſervice of the enſuing year. I would not be miſunderſtood; I mean only the payments of debts of honour contracted at Commerce, Bragg, or Pharaon; as they are apt to hang heavy upon the minds of women of ſentiment, and even to affect their countenances, upon the approach of a creditor. As for ſhop debts to mercers, milliners, jewellers, French pedlars,

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and ſuch like, it is no great matter whether they are ever paid or not; ſome how or other thoſe people will ſhift for themſelves, or at worſt, fall ultimately upon the huſband.

I WILL alſo adviſe thoſe fine women, who, by an unfortunate concurrence of odious circumſtances, have been obliged to begin an acquaintance with their huſbands and children in the country, not to break it off entirely in town, but on the contrary, to allow a few minutes every day to the keeping it up; ſince a time may come, when perhaps they may like their company rather better than none at all.

As my fair fellow ſubjects were always famous for their public ſpirit and love of their country, I hope they will upon the preſent emergency of the war with France, diſtinguiſh themſelves by unequivocal proofs of patriotiſm. I flatter myſelf that they will at their firſt appearance in town, publicly renounce thoſe French faſhions, which of late years have brought their principles, both with regard to religion and government, a little in queſtion. And therefore I exhort them to diſband their curls, comb their heads, wear white linen, and clean pocket handkerchiefs, in open defiance of all the power of France. But above all, I inſiſt upon their laying aſide that ſhameful piratical practice of hoiſting falſe colours upon their top-gallant, in the miſtaken notion of captivating and enſlaving their countrymen. This they may the more eaſily do at firſt, ſince it is to be preſumed, that during their retirement, their faces have enjoyed uninterrupted reſt. Mercury and vermillion have made no depredations theſe ſix months; good air and good hours may perhaps have reſtored, to a certain degree at leaſt, their natural carnation: but at worſt, I

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will venture to aſſure them, that ſuch of their lovers who may know them again in that ſtate of native artleſs beauty, will rejoice to find the communication opened again, and all the barriers of plaiſter and ſtucco removed. Be it known to them, that there is not a man in England, who does not infinitely prefer the browneſt natural, to the whiteſt artificial ſkin; and I have received numberleſs letters from men of the firſt faſhion, not only requeſting, but requiring me to proclaim this truth, with leave to publiſh their names; which however I decline; but if I thought it could be of any uſe, I could eaſily preſent them with a round robin to that effect, of above a thouſand of the moſt reſpectable names. One of my correſpondents, a member of the Royal Society, illuſtrates his indignation at glaized faces, by an apt and well known phyſical experiment. The ſhining glaſs tube, ſays he, when warmed by friction, attracts a feather (probably a white one) to cloſe contact; but the ſame feather, from the moment that it is taken off of the tube, flies it with more velocity than it approached it with before. I make no application; but, avert the omen, my dear country-women!

ANOTHER, who ſeems to have ſome knowledge of chymiſtry, has ſent me a receipt for a moſt excellent waſh, which he deſires me to publiſh, by way of *ſuccedaneum* to the various greazy, glutinous and pernicious applications ſo much uſed of late. It is as follows.

Take of fair clear water quantum ſufficit; put it into a clean earthen or China baſon; then take a clean linen cloth, dipt it in that water, and apply it to the face night and morning, or oftener, as occaſion may require.

I OWN the ſimplicity and purity of this admirable lotion recommend it greatly to me, and engage me to recommend